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"Son of the Sun" by Millen Cooke

Richard Geldreich, Jr. 6 min read · Dec 20, 2023

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Published in *Fantastic Adventures*, v09n07, Nov. 1947, under the pen name Alexander Blade. She was known under several names, such as Wilma Dorothy Vermilyea (1915–1995), Millen le Poer Trench, or Millen Belknap.

"We are already here, among you. Some of us have always been here, with you, yet apart from you, watching, and occasionally guiding you whenever the opportunity arose. Now, however, our numbers have been increased in preparation for a further step in the development of your planet: a step of which you are not yet aware, although it has been hinted at frequently enough in the parables of your prophets, who have garbled whatever inspiration they have been able to receive. Sometimes they were ignorant. Sometimes they were unable to translate clearly the concepts implanted in their minds. Sometimes they were cautious, and to insure the preservation of the information they wished to place upon record in the world, they spoke in metaphors and symbols.

We have been confused with the gods of many world-religions, although we are not gods, but your own fellow creatures, as you will learn directly before many more years have passed. You will find records of our presence in the mysterious symbols of ancient Egypt, where we made ourselves known, in order to accomplish certain ends. Our principal symbol appears in the religious art of your present civilization and occupies a position of importance upon the great seal of your country. It has been preserved in certain secret societies founded originally to keep alive the knowledge of our existence and our intentions toward mankind.

We have left you certain landmarks, placed carefully in different parts of the globe, but most prominently in Egypt where we established our headquarters upon the occasion of our last overt, or as you would say, public, appearance. At that time the foundations of your present civilization were “laid in the earth,” and the most ancient of your known landmarks established by means that would appear as miraculous to you now as they did to the pre-Egyptians, so many thousands of years ago. Since that time the whole art of building in stone has become symbolic, to many of you, of the work in hand — the building of the human race toward its perfection.

Your ancestors knew us in those days as preceptors and as friends. Now, through your own efforts, you have almost reached, in your majority, a new step on the long ladder of your liberation. You have been constantly aided by our watchful “inspiration,” and hindered only by the difficulties natural to your processes of physical and moral development, for the so-called “forces of evil and darkness” have always been recruited from among the ranks of your own humanity — a circumstance for which you would be exceedingly grateful if you possessed full knowledge of conditions in the universe.

You have lately achieved the means of destroying yourselves. Do not be hasty in your self congratulation. Yours is not the first civilization to have achieved — and used — such means. Yours will not be the first civilization to be offered the means of preventing that destruction and proceeding, in the full glory of its accumulated knowledge, to establish, an era of enlightenment upon the earth.

However, if you do accept the means offered you, and if you do establish such a “millennium” upon the basis of your present accomplishments, yours will be the first civilization to do so. Always, before, the knowledge, the techniques, the instructions, have become the possessions of a chosen few: a few who chose themselves by their own openminded and clear-sighted realization of “the shapes of things to come.” They endeavored to pass on their knowledge in the best possible form, and by the most enduring means at their command. In a sense they succeeded, but in another sense their failure equaled their success. Human acceptance is, to a very large extent, measurable by human experience. Succeeding generations, who never knew our actual presence, translated the teachings of their elders in the terms of their own experience. For instance, a cross-sectional drawing, much simplified and stylized by many copyings, of one of our traveling machines, became the “Eye of Horus,” and then other eyes of other gods. Finally, the ancient symbol that was once an accurate representation of an important mechanical device, has been given surprising connotations by the modern priesthood of psychology.

The important fact is, however, that we are here, among you, and that you, as a world-race, will know it before very much longer! The time is almost ripe, but as with all ripening things, the process may not be hurried artificially without danger of damaging the fruit. There is a right time for every action, and the right time for our revelation of ourselves to your era is approaching.

Some of you have seen our “advance guard” already. You have met us often in the streets of your cities, and you have not noticed us. But when we flash through your skies in the ancient, traditional vehicles, you are amazed and those of you who open your mouths and tell of what you have seen are accounted dupes and fools. Actually you are prophets, seers in the true sense of the word. You in Kansas and Oklahoma, you in Oregon and in California, and Idaho, who know what you have seen: do not be dismayed by meteorologists. Their business is the weather. One of you says “I saw a torpedo-shaped object.” Others report “disk-like objects,” some of you say “spherical objects,” or “platter-like objects.” You are all reporting correctly and accurately what you saw, and in most cases you are describing the same sort of vehicle.

The “golden disk” — now confused with the solar disk and made a part and parcel of religion — even in your own times. The “discus,” hurled sunward by the Grecian — and your own — athletes. The “eye of Horus,” and the other eyes of symbology, alchemical and otherwise. Our mechanical means of transportation.

Now that the art of manufacturing plastic materials has reached a certain perfection among you, perhaps you can imagine a material, almost transparent to the rays of ordinary visible light, yet strong enough to endure the stresses of extremely rapid flight. Look again at the great nebulae, and think of the construction of your own galaxy, and behold the universal examples of what we have found to be the perfect shape for an object which is to travel through what you still fondly refer to as “empty” space.

In the center of the discus, gyroscopically controlled within a central sphere of the same transparent material, our control room revolve freely, accommodating themselves and us to flat or edgewise flight. Both methods

are suited to your atmosphere, and when we convert abruptly from one to the other, as we are sometimes obliged to do, and you are watching, our machines seem suddenly to appear — or to disappear. At our possible speeds your eyes, untrained and unprepared for the maneuver, do make mistakes — but not the mistakes your scientists so often accuse them of making.

We pass over your hilltops in horizontal flight. You see and report a torpedo-shaped object. We pass over, in formation, flying vertically “edge-on,” and you report a series of disk-shaped, platter-like objects, or perhaps a sphere. Or we go over at night, jet-slits glowing, and you see an orange disk. In any event, you see us, and in any event, we do not care. If we chose to remain invisible, we could do so, easily, and, in fact, we have done so almost without exception for hundreds of years. But you must become accustomed to our shapes in your skies, for one day they will be familiar, friendly, and reassuring sights.

This time, it is to be hoped that the memory of them, passed on to your children and their children, will be dear and precise. That you will not cause them to forget, as your ancestors forgot, the meaning of the diagrams and the instructions we will leave with you. If you do fail, as other civilizations have failed, we will see your descendants wearing wiring-diagrams for simple machines as amulets, expecting the diagrams to do what their forefathers were taught the completed article would accomplish. Then their children, forgetting even that much — or little — would preserve the amulet as a general protective device — or as an intellectual curiosity — or perhaps as a religious symbol. Such is the cycle of forgetfulness!”

Uap UFO

Written by Richard Geldreich, Jr.

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Lover of mysteries, UAP OSINT/history buff, software developer. Mottos: We will never be swampgassed again. See Beyond.

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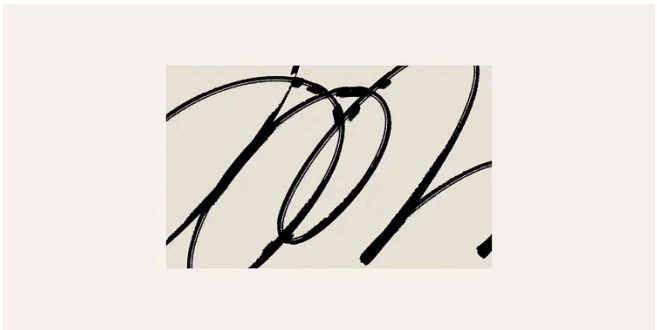

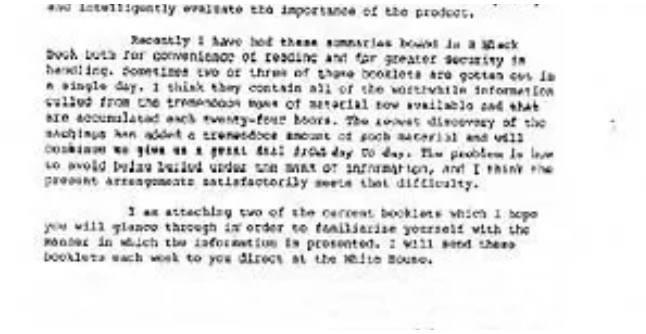

how intelligently evaluate the importance of the product.

Recently I have had these summaries bound in a black book both for convenience of reading and for greater security in handling. Sometimes two or three of these booklets are gotten out in a single day. I think they contain all of the worthwhile information culled from the tremendous mass of material now available and that are accumulated each twenty-four hours. The newest discovery of the machines has added a tremendous amount of such material and will continue to give us a great deal from day to day. The problem is how to avoid being buried under the mass of information, and I think the present arrangements satisfactorily meets that difficulty.

I am attaching two of the current booklets which I hope you will glance through in order to familiarize yourself with the manner in which the information is presented. I will send these booklets each week to you direct at the White House.

Richard Geldreich, Jr.

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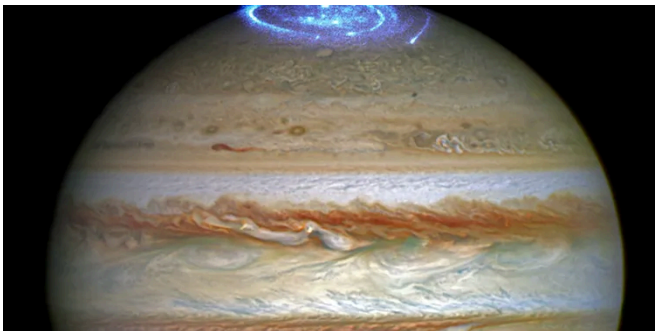

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